He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I Sir (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curse of seruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first:
Now sir be iudge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iag. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashiered,
Whip mee such honest knaues:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and visages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themselues,
And throwing but shewes of seruice on their Lords;
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe,----for sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,

But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?
Iag. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streer, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.
Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iag. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,
Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iag. Are your doores lockt?
Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?
Iag Sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.
Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voice?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.